

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



Paramount star Ellen Drew, who co-starred with Robert Preston in Paramount's "Night Plane from Chungking." Don't tell us that Preston was lucky—we always thought night flying was fascinating.

News frae bonnie SCOTLAND

by our Scottish Correspondent

SITTING Waiting Patiently for News," is the theme song of two West of Scotland soldiers serving in the Middle East.

Lance-corporal George Clarkston, of 684 Glasgow Road, Whitegates, Wishaw, and Private Denny McGhee, of 28 Loretto Street, Riddrie, Glasgow, wrote the words and the music, and sent the song home by air mail. The letter passed the censor, although it looked like a code.

Somewhere in the desert they were listening to a radio broadcast when they had the thrill of their lives—and they belong to the famous 51st (Highland) Division. Their song came over the air—and registered a direct hit. Neither is a novice at song-writing. They have composed many numbers for the Highland Division's entertainers, the Balmoral Concert Party.

BARLINNIE GOVERNOR.

NOBODY may be personally interested—but at the end of April Mr. William Finlayson, Governor of Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow, since 1935, retired on pension. He was in the locomotive department of the Highland Railway before he started as a warden at Greenock Prison in 1902. One of his daughters is a member of the Orthopaedic Corps in the Middle East; his son is a lieutenant-colonel in the R.A.M.C.

GREAT WORK.

THE veil of war will have to be lifted before the story can be told of the part which



period. Looms are busy again following a decision that a Harris tweed weavers' branch of the Transport and General Workers' Union is to be created.

WHY WAS the MARIE CELESTE ABANDONED?

It is the strangest story of the seven seas. And there is crime in it.

On December 13th, 1872, the *Dei Gratia*, a Nova Scotian brig, bound from New York to Gibraltar, sighted a brigantine, adrift and abandoned, about 200 miles from the Portuguese coast. She showed no signs of having encountered heavy weather. There had not been heavy weather. All her sails were set, but she was yawning about aimlessly.

Captain Moreshead, of the *Dei Gratia*, boarded her. Mystery quickly added to mystery. The brigantine was the *Marie Celeste*, which had left New York early in November bound for Gibraltar with a cargo of 1,700 barrels of alcohol and ten people aboard—Captain Briggs, his wife, his three-years-old daughter, a mate, a cook, and five seamen. Four of the seamen were Germans.

All in order

The timber and cargo were intact. The sea was calm. Everything on deck was in order.

Below, in the forecastle, the seamen's chests were in their places, no clothing having been taken out in sudden emergency.

There were several razors lying about, bright and untarnished, just as the seamen had left them after shaving. Garments which had been washed were hanging on a line to dry.

In the cabin was a harmonium, with its cover raised, and on the music rack above was a sheet of music. Above the harmonium was the skipper's watch, on a lamp bracket.

On the table were a pen, an uncorked bottle of ink, and next to these was an unfinished letter which began "My Dear Fanny." There was a sewing machine, with a child's garment still fixed in it. On the wall hung a sheathed cutlass. When this was unsheathed it was noticed that there were stains on it that looked like blood. Captain Moreshead ran his thumb along the blade and found that the stains were merely rust.

The ship's log was in a drawer. The last entry made was dated November 24th. If the ship's company had abandoned her on that date the *Marie Celeste* must have been yawning about for three weeks. No other ship's papers were to be found. Her only boat, a yawl, was missing from the davits.

"Dear Fanny"

Captain Moreshead of the *Dei Gratia* had known the *Marie Celeste* and Captain Briggs. Moreshead had, indeed, been a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Briggs before she married her husband. The handwriting in the letter which was addressed to "Dear Fanny" was not that of Captain Briggs. It was the handwriting of the mate, a man who was reputed to be a regular bully over his crew.

There was not a single thing on board the derelict to account for the disappearance of her company. There was nothing unusual in her gear—except one baffling exception.

From one side of the ship's starboard bow a narrow strip of wood had been cut away for about eight feet. This strip was half an inch thick and one and a half inches wide.

Being satisfied that the *Marie Celeste* was without a living soul aboard, Captain Moreshead brought her into Gibraltar with his own ship. There he handed in a report. An inquiry was held by the Admiralty, presided over by Captain Fitzroy, of H.M.S. *Minotaur*, to which was submitted the report made to the Board of Trade by Mr. S. Flood, Attorney-General at the Rock.

I have examined the evidence, which is still preserved in London. An extensive search was carried out over a wide area in the hope of finding the yawl of the *Marie Celeste*. Not a single thing was found—not a lifebuoy, plank, or trace of the boat herself, not a survivor ever turned up to tell the secret. Nothing. The sea covers everything.

It is true that later one or two men appeared and gave accounts of their "sufferings" claiming that they were members of the ship's crew. Their accounts were printed; but every one of them was exposed as a fraud. There were no survivors.

UNSOLVED CRIMES—No. 2

By STUART MARTIN



Many guesses

Some years ago a film was produced, which was filled with drama and purported to be based on the mystery. It was guesswork. It contained no reference to Captain Briggs's little daughter, and, apart from Captain Briggs and his wife, the names of the characters were entirely imaginary.

Conan Doyle, Barry Pain, H. A. Vachell, and other writers, have had a go at building up "explanations." So has Commander Campbell, of B.B.C. fame. But these attempts have been supposititious. Not one of them has tried to explain the mutilation of the ship's bows, for one thing.

I can give you the official theory, the result of an inquiry in New York. It is based on two pieces of purely circumstantial evidence which were, at first, held to have no bearing on the mystery—first, that Captain Briggs and his mate were both given to boasting of how they could swim in their clothes; and, second, that the skipper had stated, before he left on the trip, that he feared his little daughter, being something of a tomboy, would give him and her mother some anxiety, and that he would try to fix up something to lessen the risk of her falling overboard.

The suggestion is that he fitted up a fenced pen in the bows for his daughter where she could play in fine weather.

The next theory is that both the skipper and the mate, while Mrs. Briggs was at her sewing machine, decided to have a race "all standing" in their clothes, and the ship was hove-to; that one of the swimmers (maybe both) was, or were, attacked by sharks, and in the excitement the frail structure in the bows, on which Mrs. Briggs, her child and the crew were watching, gave way, precipitating them all in the sea; that the helmsman tried to lower the yawl but it was stove in, and he, too, fell into the water, and so all perished.

Plot ruled out

I cannot accept this explanation. Five seamen and a cook all guilty of unseamanlike lack of precaution!

Another theory is that the abandonment of the ship was a plot between Captain Briggs and Captain Moreshead, for the sake of the salvage money, and that everybody got a share—then disappeared to live on their fraud.

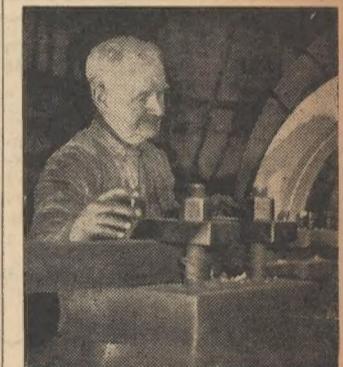
I cannot accept this either. It does not explain a number of points—the fact that the yawl and crew were never reported as having landed anywhere; the necessary complicity of Mrs. Briggs; nor is it in accordance with the known upright characters of Captain Briggs and Captain Moreshead.

Sticking out over all is the disappearance of the ship's papers. I cannot give an explanation that would

other than conjecture. But it seems certain crime was present—crime of negligence at the best, crime of a deeper, terrible hue at the worst.

A madman could have wiped out the company. A criminal could have done it; two criminals. Ship's papers don't get lost accidentally. The motive of a criminal? Revenge on someone. The mate? There we are into conjecture. Have you another theory?

SUNDERLAND LAD—81



Mr. Harry Mills

FOR sixty years Mr. Harry Mills has been working at his lathe turning out important parts of ships' engines. Today at 81 he is just as keen as ever he was; in fact, keener, now there's a war to be won.

His time-keeping has been an example it would be very hard to beat, and he still works without spectacles, although his work needs precision instruments.

He has been awarded a gold watch for his faithful service with the firm. The managing director says of him: "In all the course of my engineering experience I have never known a man who has been able to stick at his job and still turn out good work for so many years. He is an outstanding example, both in industry and time-keeping, and an object-lesson to many of us in the way he comes to his job, sticks in, and gets down to work at a time when the country is in great need of the engines we turn out."

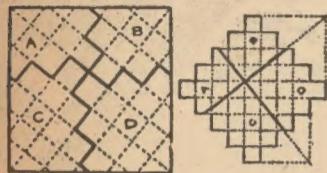
Mr. Mills told us: "My only ambition is to live and carry on my job until the work is done, which will mean that the war has been won. It's not hard keeping good time if you are really keen on your job."

Mr. Mills had three sons and two daughters in the last war, and has a grandson fighting in this. He has been married for 57 years, and lives at Stoney Lane, Sunderland.

Britain is proud to have a man working for her who can keep the wheels turning in industry, to build more ships, when he has already been at his job for three score years.

**Periscope
Page**

Solution to Yesterday's
Puzzles



Cutting Into a Square

**QUIZ
For today**

1. What is a "syzygy"?
2. Who was the George associated with Hallelujah? And the George of boxing in France?
3. What is the best speed of a homing pigeon?
4. What is the weight of a standard house-brick?
5. Why is a navvy so called?
6. What are the names of the present Poet Laureate and his two immediate predecessors?
7. How many witches make up a "coven"?
8. How many people in England are named Smith?
9. Was Dick Whittington ever Lord Mayor of London?
10. Which English county is divided into rapes?
11. What is the width of the Thames at London Bridge?
12. In English law, how many crimes are punishable by death?

The great art to learn much is to undertake a little at a time.

Locke.

A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.

Saadi.

Learning is an addition beyond nobility of birth.

Bhavabuti.

How to Write Verse—2

By LOUIS MacNEICE

HAVING got your subject—or, to put it more correctly, your subject having "got" you—what do you do next?

You proceed to put it into shape. What shape you choose should be to some extent dictated by the subject itself; e.g., the Limerick is an excellent form for a joke about beetles in the soup, but would not be appropriate to a serious treatment of the Fall of France or the death of someone you admire.

You must acquaint yourself with the range of traditional verse-forms; to do this, do not go to the text-books, but go to the poets themselves—to any fairly catholic anthology.

I recommend the "Oxford Book of Light Verse." And N.B.: Read these works aloud; you must get the movement of the verse into your ear.

There is a popular assumption, in this country at least, that rhyme is the chief characteristic of verse. This is incorrect. Most of Shakespeare, for example, is in "blank" (i.e., unrhymed) verse.

Follow the BRAINS TRUST

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

To save using up land, can the bulk of the population be persuaded to live in flats, and if they could, would this be desirable? Some five million houses are to be built after the war, and if they all have gardens it's going to take up a lot of land. How are we going to build our new houses without covering the country with suburban dwellings?

Here are the Brains Trust's replies:

Commander A. B. Campbell: "I think it's highly desirable that they should not live in flats, but in their own houses and have gardens, because from the state of Europe after this war we shall have to grow an awful lot of food in this country for Europe as well as ourselves, and I think the gardens are a very good idea that you don't get in flats. I don't see why, in building these houses,

they should necessarily spread all over the country. They should surely bunch them together, and have communal gardens if you like, but do let them grow food."

Mrs. M. A. Hamilton: "It's just that communal garden that Commander Campbell talks of that makes me very anxious to persuade people to accept the idea of flats. Anyone who saw the wonderful working-class flats lay-out in Vienna and other cities before the war realises that you can make a disposition of space if you gather houses together and make a small plot into a garden which is shared by people.

"The great thing is that people can get more real comfort and you can get a much better pattern if people won't insist on each having their front door flat on the ground. I should have to put in a plea for propaganda to persuade people that living in a flat doesn't mean sacrificing either privacy or a garden."

"The Doctor": "Before Mrs. Hamilton spoke, I rather thought that the issue was

whether it is better for every house to have a garden or whether that was going to mean an infringement on the open spaces of England. I hadn't any doubt at all that a garden was the answer, but Mrs. Hamilton makes it quite clear that you can have a garden and a flat. But I don't think whether people live in flats is going to be settled by health or gardens—it's going to be settled by flats having a restaurant attached to them—in other words, a scarcity of domestic servants."

Mr. James Laver: "There is one point I should like to make, and that is that we could house a great many people in London in very reasonable circumstances if we started by demolishing some of the dreary places which Hitler has half demolished for us already."

Mr. S. F. Rous: "In the big towns surely we shall also have to find spaces which can be converted into gardens if you want to put people into flats. You can only do that, I think, by demolishing quite a lot of the present-day buildings."

From "Good Morning" Museum

GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—4



HERE we go, says George. If I catch a bus at the end of the road, I shall be there in good time. Mustn't keep her waiting.

(A London street scene in 1905.)

WANGLING WORDS—9

1.—A few words in the English language possess no rhymes, but poets get over the difficulty by cunning. "Window" is one such word—can you devise a rhyme for it?

2.—One of these words is misspelt. Which is it? Reciprocate, Parallelogram, Iliterate, Effervesce.

3.—Can you change the word PITCH into TENTS, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: WET into DRY; PIG into STY; FOUR into FIVE.

4.—How many words of three letters can you make from the word POTTERY?

Answers to No. 8

1.—I HIIRE PARSONS, and INTO MY ARM.

2.—Celeriac.

3.—ELM, ELL, ALL, AIL, AIR, FIR, FAR, OAR, OAK, HOOK, HOOT, HOST, HIST, FUST, FISH.

WHY, WHO, WOO, WOT, NOT.

COAL, GOAL, GOAD, GOOD, FOOD, FORD, LORD, LARD, YARD.

4.—IMATE, TIME, MEAT, MUTE, TUINE, TINE, PINE, PANE, PATE, RATE, etc., etc.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

America, are brought to this zone by the Gulf Stream.

Such was the region the Nautilus was now visiting, a veritable prairie, a thick carpet of sea-wrack, fucus, and tropical berries, so thick and compact that the stem of a vessel could hardly tear its way through it. And Captain Nemo, not wishing to entangle his screw in that herby mass, kept at a depth of some yards beneath the surface of the waves.

That day the Nautilus crossed a singular part of the Atlantic Ocean. Every one knows of the existence of that great current of warm water known under the name of the Gulf Stream. After leaving the Gulf of Florida it goes towards Spitzbergen; but some time after quitting the Gulf of Mexico, about the 44th degree of north latitude, this current divides into two arms, the principal one going towards the coasts of Ireland and Norway, whilst the second bends southward abreast of the Azores; then striking against the African shores and describing a long oval, it comes back towards the Antilles.

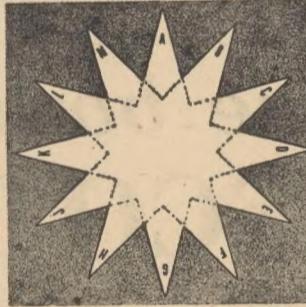
Now this second arm surrounds

with its circles of warm water that portion of the cool, quiet, immovable ocean called the Sargasso Sea.

A perfect lake in full Atlantic, the waters of the great current take no less than three years to go round it.

Captain Nemo resolved to seek the oceanic bottom by a sufficiently elongated diagonal by means of his lateral planes, which were inclined at an angle of 45 degs. with the water-lines of the Nautilus. Then the screw was worked at its maximum of speed, and its quadruple branch beat the water with indescribable violence.

Puzzle of the 12-Pointed Star



Under this powerful propulsion the hull of the Nautilus vibrated like a sonorous wire and sank regularly under the water. The captain and I, in the saloon, followed the needle of the manometer that rapidly moved. We had soon passed the habitable zone where most of the fish dwell. Some can only live on the surface of seas or rivers, whilst others, less numerous, inhabit greater depths. Amongst these latter I noticed the hexanch, a species of sea-hound, furnished with six gills; the enormous-eyed telescope; the cuirassed malarmat, with grey thorax, black pectorials which protected his chest-plate of pale red bony plates; and lastly, the grenadier, which, living at a depth of six hundred fathoms, supports a pressure of a hundred and twenty atmospheres.



I looked at the manometer. The instrument indicated a depth of 3,000 fathoms. Our submersion had lasted an hour. The Nautilus, gliding on its inclined planes, was still sinking. The solitary water was admirably transparent and of a diaphaneity that nothing could depict. An hour later we were at a depth of 6,500 fathoms—about three leagues and a quarter—and still there was no sign of the bottom.

However, at a depth of 7,000 fathoms I perceived some blackish summits rise amidst the waters. But these summits might belong to mountains as high as the Himalayas or Mont Blanc, higher even, and the depth of these abysses remains unknown.

Continued on Page 3.

Answers to Yesterday's

Quiz

1. (a) Switzerland, (b) France, (c) Russia.

2. From J. H. Logan, of Santa Cruz, California, in whose garden it first appeared.

3. At Firle Beacon, Sussex, in 1922.

4. One; Cape Cornwall.

5. Yes, in "Antony and Cleopatra."

6. J. M. W. Turner.

7. A bridge hand, with nothing above a nine.

8. A plant grown for fodder.

9. Capt. Marryat.

10. 1905. A fuller exposition was published in 1915.

11. In 1051, as the guest of Edward the Confessor.

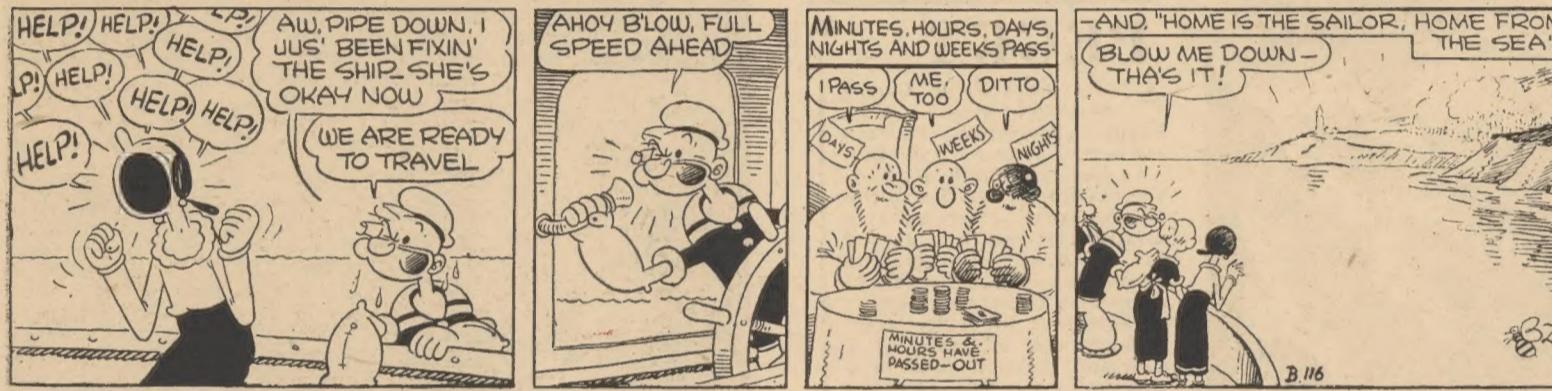
12. Alaska. It was bought by the States from Russia in 1867.

JANE



—AS QUEEN WE SHOULD HAVE RESTORED YOU TO YOUR LAWFUL HUSBAND — BUT AS AN ENGLISHWOMAN YOU MUST BE SHOT AS A SPY — BECAUSE WE HAVE JUST DECLARED WAR ON GREAT BRITAIN!!

PET BIEG

Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS**

Continued from Page 2.

The *Nautilus* sank still lower, in spite of the powerful pressure it endured. I felt the steel plates tremble under the jointures of their bolts; its bars bent; its partitions groaned; the windows of the saloon seemed to curve under the pressure of the water.

Soon the last representatives of animal life disappeared, and below three leagues the *Nautilus* passed the limits of submarine existence. We had reached a depth of 8,000 fathoms—four leagues—and the sides of the *Nautilus* then supported a pressure of 1,600 atmospheres—that is to say, 3,200 lbs. on each square centimetre of its surface.

"What a situation!" I cried. "To traverse these deep regions to which man has never reached! Look, captain, look at those magnificent rocks, those uninhabited grottoes, those last receptacles of the globe where life is no longer possible! What unknown sites, and why must we be forced to keep nothing of them but the remembrance?"

"Should you like to take away

anything better than the remembrance?" asked Captain Nemo.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that nothing is easier than to take a photographic view of this submarine region!"

I had not time to express the surprise that this fresh proposition caused me before, at an order from Captain Nemo, a camera was brought into the saloon. Through the wide-opened panels the liquid, lighted up by electricity, was distributed with perfect clearness. The sun would not have been more favourable to an operation of this nature. The *Nautilus*, under the propulsion of its screw, mastered by the inclination of its planes, remained motionless. The camera was pointed at these sites on the oceanic bottom, and in a few seconds we had obtained an exceedingly pure negative.

However, after Captain Nemo had terminated his operation, he said to me—

"We must go up again now, professor. It would not do to expose the *Nautilus* too long to such pressure."

"Go up again!" I expostulated.

"Hold tight."

I had not time to understand why the captain gave me this caution before I was thrown upon the carpet.

At a signal from the captain the screw had been shipped, the planes raised vertically, and the *Nautilus*, carried up like a balloon into the air, shot along with stunning rapidity. It cut through the water with a sonorous vibration. No detail was visible. In four minutes it had cleared the four leagues that separated it from the surface of the ocean, and after emerging like a flying fish it fell again, making the waves rebound to an enormous height.

(Continued to-morrow)

Stone walls do not a prison make,

Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take

That for a heritage.

Richard Lovelace
(1618-1658).

FIGURE THESE OUT

And now, for a change, can you write down the figure 8 eight times in such a way that they total 1,000?

Here is the answer: $8 + 8 + 8 + 88 + 888$, and this is called expressing 1,000 in terms of 8.

Now try expressing 7 in terms of 4, using any mathematical signs you like. Here is one of the simplest ways of doing it, but there are many others:

$$4 + 4 - \frac{4}{4} = \text{equals } 7$$

It is a curious thing, but while all sorts of queer tricks can be performed with odd numbers, even ones don't often play up.

Here, however, is a case where the number 2 works the oracle. Write down the first nine digits backwards and forwards, twice each way, and then add them up plus 2:

$$\begin{array}{cccccccccc} 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 \\ 1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 & 9 \\ 9 & 8 & 7 & 6 & 5 & 4 & 3 & 2 & 1 \\ 9 & 8 & 7 & 6 & 5 & 4 & 3 & 2 & 1 \\ \text{Plus 2} \end{array}$$

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

CROSSWORD CORNER**CLUES ACROSS.**

1 Sweet wine.

6 Pet notions.

10 Insect.

11 Flower for gar-

den edge.

12 Gradually.

14 Speeler.

15 Irish county.

17 Benefit.

18 Documents.

21 Peaked hat.

23 Blanch.

25 Flat boat.

28 Concise.

29 A distance.

32 Composed.

33 Consistent with

reason.

34 Vigour.

35 Profound.

36 Pincers.

Solution to Yester-

day's Problem.

BRIDGE SAYE**LINE ADORE****UPSETS ARIA****SEE WEAKENS****F CHILL SH****SATIN BATHE****W REBUT US****FAGS OMITS****AROUSE LOSS****WELT RITUAL****N FEAST TRY**

NELSON'S COLUMN

TOMMY WALKER, famous Scottish international and Heart of Midlothian inside-forward, turned gent's outfitter—for one match.

The entire Scottish team beaten by England in the Hampden Park international that drew a war-time record crowd of 105,000, wore jerseys won by Tommy during his international career.

Walker played in 14 peace-time games for his country from 1935 to 1939, and, as was customary, always kept the jersey as a memento. When, this year, the Scottish F.A. appealed for the return of old jerseys to help relieve the coupon position, Tommy sportingly surrendered his whole collection.

Ironically enough, this occasion on which all his shirts were displayed was the first for eight years that Tommy himself had not been chosen for his country's side.

Our guess is that next time the Walker wardrobe is on view, the selectors will insist on Tommy filling a portion of it.

ALBERT BROWN, Charlton Athletic forward who has been assisting York City in war-time Soccer, has achieved a curious "double" in this season's cup-ties. He appeared in two semi-final ties on successive Saturdays—for different teams. He helped York into the semi-final of the North Cup, and rendered similar service to Charlton in the South.

Unluckily for him, he didn't get a cup-winner's medal with either.

STANLEY LEWIS, from Barnet, 16-year-old amateur boxing star of the Langham B.C., has just won three contests in an hour and a half—at places ten miles apart. He reached the Central Command Air Training Corps finals with a points win at Alperton, near Wembley.

Then he went on into London to take part in the North-Western A.B.A. Junior championships at the Regent Street Polytechnic—and won the 9st. 7lb. class with two quick knock-outs.

That's what we call going to it!

WHEN E. Magner, steeplechase jockey, crashed at Southwell in December, 1941, it was feared that his riding days were ended. His skull was fractured.

But Magner, young and fit, made a good recovery.

Now he is back in the saddle again—as a flat-race jockey. The Jockey Club has granted him a licence and he is to ride as a free-lance.

And flat-racing is no new experience for him. He rode on the flat in eight Continental countries before the war.

Playing football . . .

JOHN NELSON.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Screens. 2, Let Loose. 3, Wading Bird.
- 4, Playing marble. 5, Trifle. 6, Foreign head-gear. 7, Brisk. 8, Noise. 9, Textile bags.
- 10, Wrench away. 16, Ox. 18, Shallow vessel.
- 19, Propounded for solution. 20, Domestic bird. 22, Interjection. 23, S.E. England district. 24, Statue. 26, Gauzy fabric. 27, Cries. 28, Inform. 30, Adversary. 31, Split. 32, Plant juice.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to : "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



PEGGY *

A PART from being a very beautiful young lady, Peggy, Windmill Theatre show-girl, is very talented.

In her scrapbook are cuttings telling of her rise to the London stage. There are also certificates she has gained in amateur photographic competitions, diplomas from swimming clubs, and reports of successes in cycle races.

Peggy was educated at a Convent School, and she disappointed the Mother Superior by declaring at the age of seven that she was going to become an actress.

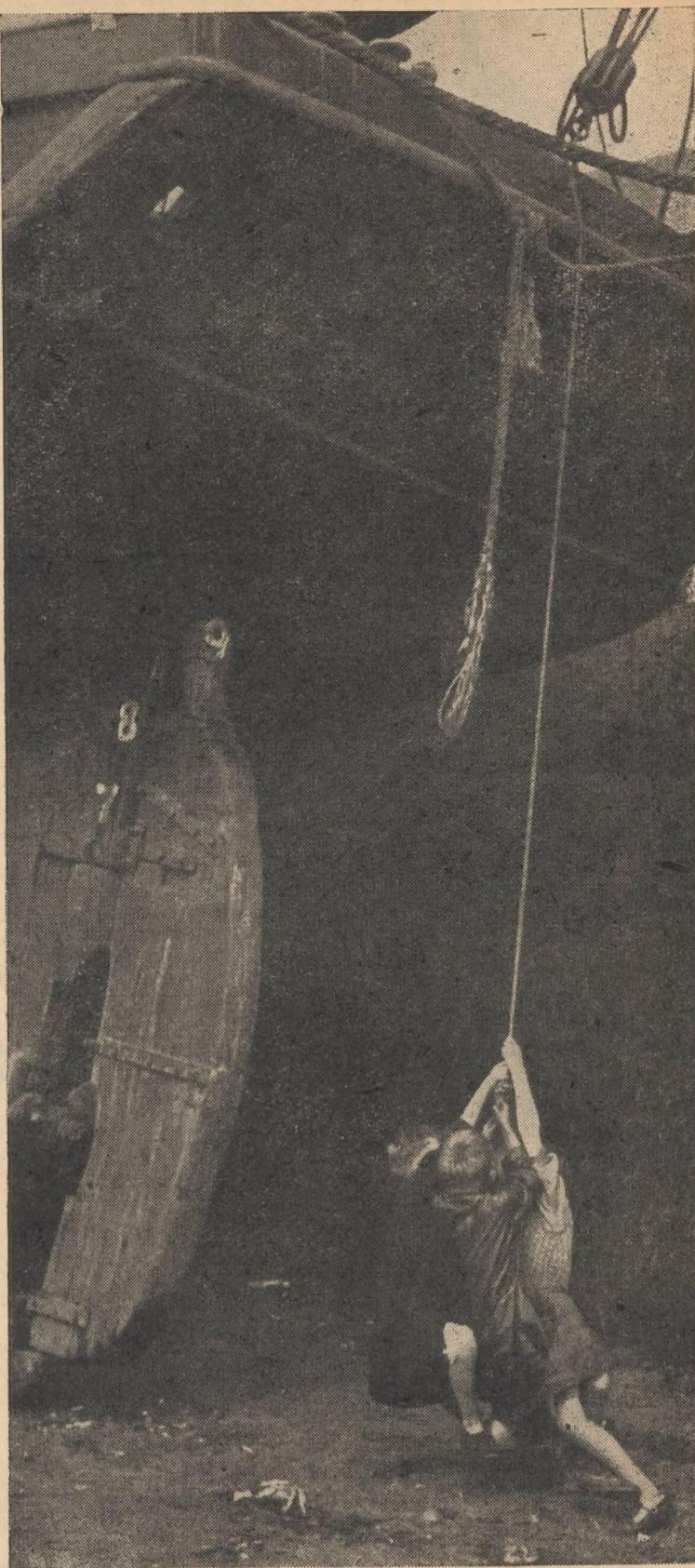
Everybody tried to discourage her, they even forbade her to practise dancing. But she was quite determined and she practised in her spare time when no one was looking.

The House is sitting

* What we call a 'Secret Session'



SWING TIME



Well—for-evermore—if those kids don't stop their tricks, that ship's due for a somersault. Maybe we're wrong, perhaps they're only singing sea shanties to swing-time.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"China calling!"

